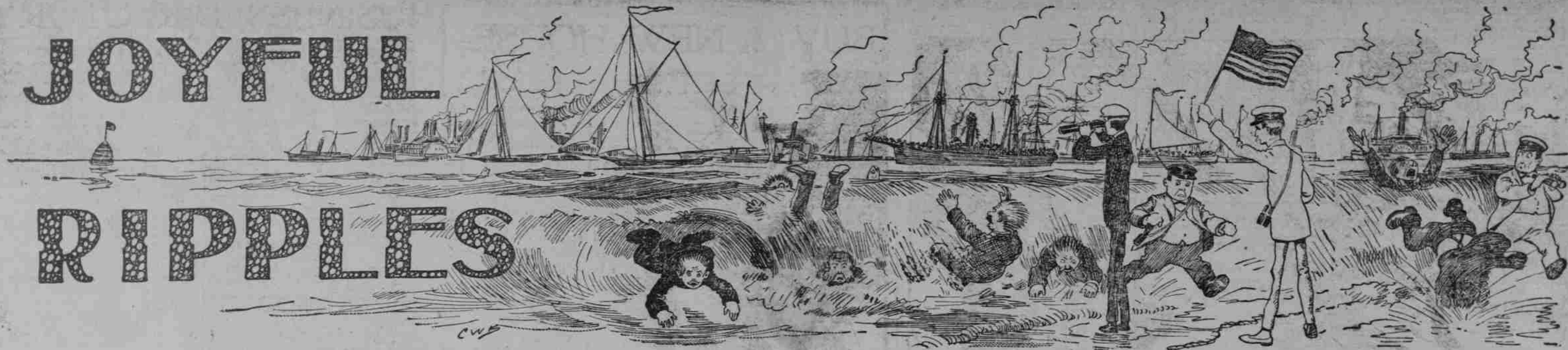


JOYFUL RIPPLES



A DUTIFUL YOUNGSTER.



Proud Father (to son, who is showing a decided leaning to the artistic): "Now, Willie, my boy, I want to see if you can draw me just as I stand."
Willie: "Oh, daddy! I—I love you too much!"

"IT'S AN ILL WIND," ETC.



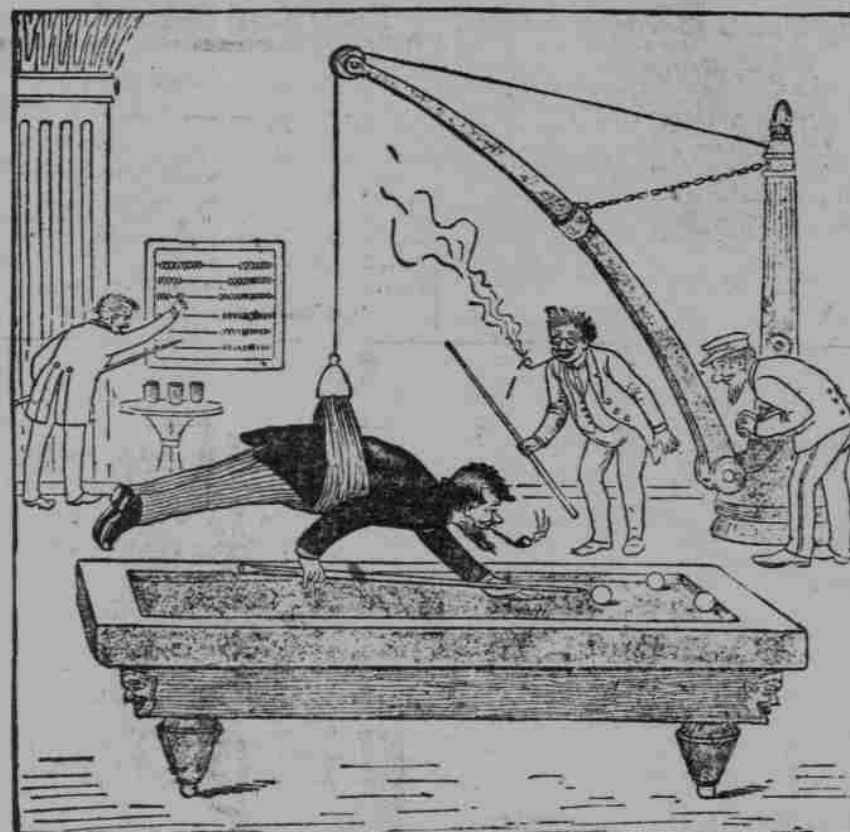
Reccur: "Hold on a bit! I may never get a chance like this again!"

HOT WEATHER DELUSION.



"Bigamy seems to be a summer disease."
"Yes; men get out of their heads in hot weather and think they can manage two women at once."

UP TO DATE.



The latest invention for facilitating difficult strokes at billiards.

SPITEFUL.



Mr. Sopht: "Yes, we're engaged. I recall very vividly now that the first night I met her I dreamed of kissing her. Strange, wasn't it?"
Miss Snappe: "Yes. I should think that would be the last thing you'd dream of."

RIGHT IN IT.



"Why is Tom so popular with the girls?"
"He is a planter."
"Planter? What in the world does he plant?"
"Kisses."

"OF TWO EVILS."



Fond Mother—Now, Flossie, if you won't kiss Mr. Bones I shall have to cane you.
Flossie (after another prolonged look)—Cane me, ma.

A NEW OBSTACLE.

She—There is one serious obstacle before us.
He—Your parents, I presume?
She—No. My little brother is unalterably opposed to our attachment.

FINANCIAL DISCUSSION.

"What do you wear such ill fitting clothes for?" asked the bright young man in the natty summer suit of the elderly person in hand me downs.
"To carry my money in," was the reply of the elderly person. And the young man began to talk in another direction.

COULD COUNT.



The Music Master: "That's it. One, two, three, four—once, two"—
Mr. Nooriche (coming suddenly in): "I say, mister, I want you to teach him music. He knows how to count already."

A WOMAN OF BUSINESS.



"Yes, I'm engaged to Howard. It was pretty hard to decide because I liked Everitt quite as well as Howard, and they're equally wealthy."
"What finally decided you?"
"Howard promised me the most alimony in case of divorce."